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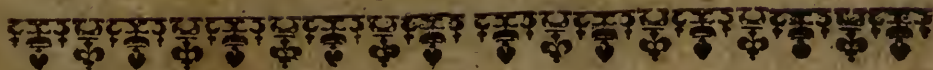


If you know not mee,

You know no body.

O R

The troubles of *Queene Elizabeth.*



L O N D O N :

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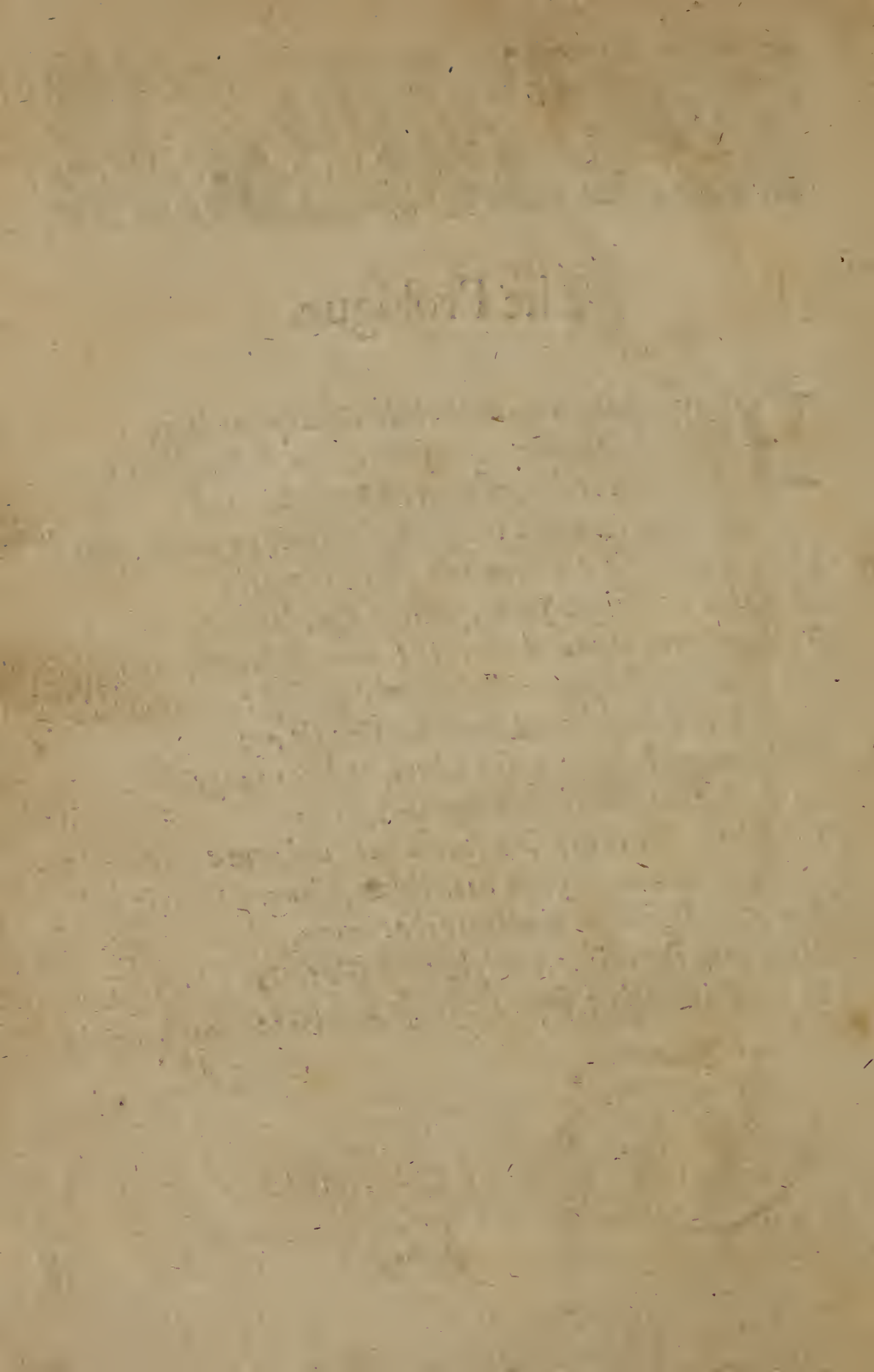
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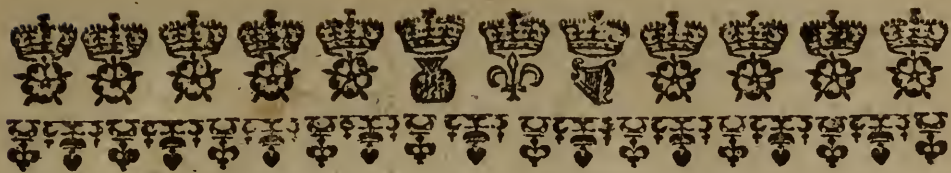




## The Prologue.

**P** Laves have a Fate in their Conception lent,  
Some so short liv'd, no sooner shew'd then spent ;  
But born to day, to morrow Buried ; and  
( Though taught to Speak,) neither to Go nor Stand.  
This ! by what fate I know not, sure, to merit  
That, (it disclaimes) may, for the Age, Inherit,  
Writing 'bove One and Twenty : but, ill Nurst,  
Yet well receiv'd, and well perform'd at first :  
Grac'd, and frequented ; and the Cradle age  
Did throng the Seates, the Boxes, and the Stage  
So much, that some by Stenography, drew  
The Plot : put it in print, scarce one word true :  
And in that lameneſſe it hath limpt so long.  
The Author, now to vindicate that wrong,  
Hath took the paines, upright upon it's feet,  
To teach it walke : so please you sit and ſee't.





If you know not mee,  
You know no body;  
O R,  
The troubles of Queene Elizabeth.

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A&t. prim. Scæ. prim.

*Enter Suffex and Lord Chamberlaine.*

*Suff.*

**G**ood morrow my good Lord Chamberlaine.

*Chamb.* Many good morrows to my Lord  
of *Suffex*.

*Suff.* Who's with the *Queen*, my Lord?

*Chamb.* The Cardinall of *Wincheſter*, the Lord of *Tame*, the  
good Lord *Shandoyſe* : and beſides, Lord *Howard*, Sir *Henry*  
*Beningsfield*, and divers others.

*Suff.* A word my Lord in private.

*Enter Tame and Shandoyſe*

*Shand.* Touching the *Queene*, my Lord, who now ſits high,  
What thinkes the Realme of *Bhilipt* th' Emperours ſonne,  
A mariage by the counsell treated of?

*Tame.*



*If you know not me,*

*Tame.* Pray Heaven't prove well.

*Suff.* Good morrow Lords.

*Tame.* Good morrow to my Lord of *Sussex*.

*Shand.* I cry your Honours mercy.

*Chamb.* Good morrow to the Lords of *Tame* and *Shandoyse*.

*Tame.* The like to you my Lords. (As you were speaking.)

*Enter Lord Howard, and Sir Henry Beningsfield.*

*Ben.* Concerning *Wiat* and the Kentish rebels,  
Their overthrow is past : The rebell Dukes that sought  
By all meanes to proclaime *Queen Iane* chiefly *Northumberland*,  
For *Gilfords* sake he forc'd his brother Duke unto that warre,  
But each one had his merit.

*Howard.* Oh my Lord,  
The Law proceeded against their great offence,  
And 'tis not well, since they have suffered Iudgement,  
That we should raise their scandall being dead,  
Tis impious, not from true judgment bred.

*Suff.* Good morrow my Lord. Good morrow good Sir *Henry*.

*Ben.* Pardon my Lord, I saw you not till now.

*Chamb.* Good morrow good Lord *Howard*.

*Howard.* Your Honors. The like to you my Lords.

*Tame.* With all my heart Lord *Howard*.

*Chamb.* Forward I pray.

*Suff.* The *Suffolke* men my Lord, was to the *Queene*,  
The very staiers by which she clim'd her throne.  
She's greatly bound unto them for their loves.

*Enter Cardinall of Winchester.*

*Win.* Good morrow Lords, attend the *Queen* into the presence.

*Suff.* Your duties Lords. *Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Tame bearing the purse, Shandoyse the Mace, Howard the  
Scepter, Sussex the Crowne : then the Queene : after her  
the Cardinall, Sentlow, Gage, and attendants.*

*Queen.* By Gods assistance and the power of Heaven,

*We*

*You know no body.*

We are instated in our Brothers Throne,  
And all those powers that warr'd against our right,  
By helpe of heaven and your friendly aide,  
Disperst and fled, here may we sit secure,  
Our heart is joyfull Lords, our peace is pure.

*Enter Dodds.*

*Dodds.* I doe beseech your Majesty peruse this poore petition.

*Queen.* O Master *Dodds*, we are indebted to you for your love,  
You stood us in great stead even in our ebbe  
Of fortune, when our hopes were neere declin'd,  
And when our state did beare the lowest saile,  
Which we have reason to requite we know :  
Reade his Petition my good Lord Cardinall.

*Dod.* Oh gracious Sovereigne let my Lord the Duke have the  
perusing of it, or any other that is neare your grace,  
He will be to our suit an opposite.

*Winch.* And reason fellow.

Madam, here is a large recitall and upbraiding of your High-  
nesse Sovereignty, the Suffolke men that lifted you to the throne,  
and here posselt you, claime your promise made to them about  
Religion.

*Dodds.* True gracious Sovereigne ;  
But that we doe upbraid your Majesty,  
Or make recitall of our deeds forepast,  
Other then conscience, honesty and zeale,  
By love, by faith, and by our duty bound  
To you the next and true successive Heire,  
If you contrary this, I needs must say,  
Your skilleffe tongue doth make our well tun'd words  
Jarre in the Princesses eares, and of our Text  
You make a wrong construction. Gracious Queen,  
Your humble subjects prostrate in my mouth,  
A generall suit: When we first flockt to you,  
And made first head with you at *Fremingham*.  
'Twas thus concluded, that we your liegemen  
Should still enjoy our consciences, and use that faith,

Which



*If you know not mee*

Which in King *Edwards* dayes was held Canonically.

*Win.* May't please your highnes note the Commons insolence.  
They tye you to conditions, and set limits to your authority  
Sign'd you from above.

*Queen.* They shall know,  
To whom their faithfull duties they doe owe :  
Since they the limbes, the head would seele to sway,  
Before they governe, they shall learne to obey.  
See it severely ordred *Winchester*.

*Winch.* Away with him, it shall be throughly scand,  
And you upon the pillory, three dayes to stand. *Exit Dodds:*

*Ben.* Has not your sister (gracious *Queene*) a hand  
In these petitions ? Well your Highnesse knowes,  
She is a favourite of these heretiques.

*Winch.* And well remembred is't not probable,  
That she in *Wiats* expedition,  
And other insurrections lately queld,  
Was a confederate : if your highnesse will your owne state pre-  
You danger must prevent, and cut off such (serve  
As could your safety prejudice.

*Ben.* Such is your sister,  
A meere opposite to us in our opinion ; and besides,  
Shee's next successive, should your Majesty  
Dye issuelesse, which heaven defend.

*omnes.* Which heaven forbid.

*Bening.* The state of our Religion would decline.

*Queen.* My Lord of *Tame* and *Shandoyse*,  
You two shall have a strict commission seal'd,  
To fetch our sister young, *Elizabeth*,  
From *Ashridge* where she lies, and with a band  
Of armed Souldiers to conduct her up to *London*,  
Where we will heare her. (face,

*Stentl.* Gracious *Queen*, she only craves but to behold your  
That she might cleare her selfe of all supposed treasons,  
Still protesting, she is as true a subject to your Grace,  
As lives this day.

*Win.* Do not you heare, with what saucy impudence

This



*You know no body.*

This *Sentlow* here presumes.

*Queen.* Away with him, Ile teach him to know his place,  
To frowne when we frowne, smile on whom we grace.

*Winch.* Twill be a meanes to keepe the rest in awe,  
Making their Soveraignes brow, to them a law.

*Queen.* All those that seek our sisters cause to favour,  
Let them be lodged.

*Winch.* Young *Courtney* Earle of *Devonshire*,  
Seemes chiefly to affect her faction.

*Queen.* Commit him to the Tower,  
Till time affords us and our Councell breathing space  
To meditate on these affaires of state.

Whence is that Poste?

*A borne within.*

*Const.* My Soveraigne, it is from *Southampton*.

*Queen.* Our Secretary, unseale them and returne  
Vs present answer of the contents,  
What's the maine businesse.

*She speakes to the  
Lord Constable.*

*Const.* That *Philyp* Prince of *Spaine*,  
Sonne to the Emperour, is safely arriv'd,  
And landed at *Southampton*.

*Queen.* Prepare to meet him Lords, with all state possible.

*Howard.* Prepare you Lords with our faire *Queen* to ride,  
And his high princely state let no man hide.

*Queen.* Set forward Lords, this sudden newes is sweet,  
Two royall Lovers on the mid way meet.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Master Gage, and a Gentlewoman.*

*Gage.* Good morrow Mistresse, came you from the *Princesse*?

*Wom.* Master *Gage*, I did.

*Gage.* How fares her Grace?

*Wom.* O wondrous crazy, gentle Master *Gage*,  
Her sleepes are all unquiet and her head  
Beats and growes giddy with continuall griefe.

*Gage.* Heaven grant her comfort, and release her paine,  
Scarce such a Lady doth on earth remaine.

*If you know not me*

*Enter the Clowne.*

*Clow.* O arme, arme, arme,

*Gage.* How now, what's the matter!

*Clow.* The house is beset, Souldiers as hot as fire in the oven  
Are ready to enter every hole about the house;  
For as I was a'th top of the wood-stacke, the sound of the Drum  
Hit me such a box a'th eare, that I came tumbling downe  
The stacke with a thousand billers a'th top on me: looke about,  
And helpe for heavens sake.

*Gage.* Heaven guard the Princessse, grant that all be well.  
This Drum, I feare, will prove her passing bell.

*Enter Tame and Shandoyse with Souldiers, Drum, &c.*

*Tame.* Where's the Princessse?

*Gage.* O my honour'd Lords,  
(May I with reverence presume to aske)  
What meanes these armes, why doe you thus begirt  
A poore weake Lady, neere at point of death?

*Shand.* Resolve the Princessse we must speake with her.

*Wom.* My Lords, know there is no admittance to her presence,  
Without a leave first granted from her selfe.

*Tame.* Go tell her we must and will.

*Wom.* Ile certifie so much.

*Exit Woman,*

*Gage.* My Lords, as you are honourably borne,  
As you did love her, Father or her Brother,  
As you doe owe alleageance to the Queene.  
In pittie of her weaknesse and low state,  
With best of favour, her commiserate.

*Enter Woman.*

*Woman.* Her Grace intreats you but to stay till morne,  
And then your Message shall be heard at full.

*Shand.* 'Tis from the Queene, and we will speake with her.

*Wom.* Ile certifie so much.

*Tame.* It shall not need: presse after my Lord.

*Enter Elizabeth in her bed, Doctor Owine,  
and Doctor Wendith.*

*Eliza.* We are not pleas'd with your intrusions, lords,



*You know no body.*

Is your haste such, or your affaires so urgent,  
That suddenly, and at this time of night,  
You presse on me, and will not stay till morne?

*Tam.* Sorry we are, sweet lady, to behold you in this sad plight.

*Eliz.* And I my lords not glad to see you at this time.  
My heart, oh how it beats.

*Shand.* Madam, our Message and our duty from the Queene,  
We come to tender to you : It is her pleasure,  
That you the 7 day of this moneth appeare at Westminster.

*Eliz.* At Westminster? my lords, no soule more glad then I,  
To doe my duty to her Majesty,  
But I am sorry at the heart. My heart! Oh good Docter raise me  
A little higher in my bed. Oh my heart! I hope my lords, consi-  
dering my extremity and weaknes, you will dispence a little with  
Your haste.

*Tame.* Docter *Owin* and Docter *Wendith*,  
You are the Queenes Physitians truly sworne.  
On your allegiance, as before her Highnesse you will answer it.  
Speake, may the Princeesse be remov'd with life.

*D. Owin.* Not without danger lords, yet without death,  
Her Feaver is not mortall; yet you see  
Into what danger it hath brought the Princeesse.

*Shand.* Is your opinion so?

*D. Wend.* My judgment is, it is not deadly, but yet dangerous,  
No sooner shall she come to take the aire,  
But she will faint, and if not well prepar'd and attended,  
Her life is in much danger.

*Tame.* Madam, we take no pleasure to deliver  
So strict a Message.

*Eliz.* Nor I my lords, to heare a Message delivered  
With such strictnesse; well, must I go?

*Shand.* So sayes the Queene.

*Eliz.* Why then it must be so.

*Tame.* To morrow early then you must prepare.

*Eliz.* Tis many a morrow since my feeble legs,  
Felt this my bodies weight : O I shall faint,  
And if I taste the rawnesse of the Ayre,

*If you know not me*

I am but dead, indeed I am but dead.

Tis late, conduct these lords unto their Chambers,  
And cheere them well, for they have journey'd hard,  
Whilst we prepare us for our morrowes journey.

*Shand.* Madam, the Queene hath sent her litter for you,

*Eliz.* The Queene is kind, and we will strive with death  
To tender her our life.

We are her subiect, and obey her heft.

Good night ; we wish you what we want,

Good rest.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Queene Mary, Philip, and all the Nobles but  
Tame and Shandoyse.*

*Qu.* Thus in the face of heaven, and the broad eye of all the  
Multitude. we give a welcome to the Spanish Prince,  
Those plausive shewts which give you entertaine  
Eccho as loud in the Almightyes ears,  
As here they sound with pleasure that excels,  
The clamorous trumpets, and loud ringing Bels.

*Phil.* Thrice excellent and ever gracious Princeesse,  
Doubly famous, for vertue and for beauty,  
We embrace your large stretcht honours in the armes of love,  
Our royall marriage, treated first in Heaven,  
To be solemniz'd here, both by Heavens voyce,  
And by our loves consent, we thus confirme.  
Now *Spaine* and *England*, two populous Kingdomes,  
That have a long time beene oppos'd,  
In Hostile emulation, shall be at one :  
This shall be *Spanish-England*, ours *English-Spaine*.

*Qu.* Hark the redoubling Ecchoes of the people, (*Flourish.*)  
How it proclaimes their loves, to this blest Vnion.

*Phil.* Then here before the Pillars of the land,  
We doe embrace, and make a publike contract.  
Our soules are joyfull, bright Heavens fairely smile,  
Whilst we proclaime our new united stile.

*Queen.* Reade *Suffex*

*Suffex*

*You know nobody.*

*Suffex reads.*

Philip and Mary, *by the grace of God, King and Queene of England Spaine, France and Ireland; King and Queene of Naples, Cicilia, Leon, and Aragon: Archduke and Dutchesse of Austria, Burgondie, of Brabant, Zealand, and Holland; Prince and Princessse of Sweave: Count and Countesse of Habsburgh, Majorca, Sardinia, of the firme Land, and maine Ocean Sea: Palatines of Hierusalem and of Henolt: Lord and Lady of Friesland, and of the Isles: And Governour and Governeſſe of all Africa, and Asia.*

*Omnes.* Long live the King and Queene.

*(Floriſh)*

*King and Queen.* We thanke you all.

*Const.* When may it please your Highnesse to solemnize your Sacred Nuptials?

*Queen.* The twenty fifth day of this Moneth Iuly.

*Phil.* It likes us well. But royall Queene we want

One Lady at this high solemnity:

We have a sister call'd *Elizabeth*:

Whose vertues and endowments of the minde

Hath fill'd the cares of *Spaine*.

*Winch.* Great are the causes, now too long to say,  
Why she (My Soveraigne) should be kept away.

*Const.* The Lord of *Tame* and *Shandoyſe* are return'd;

*Enter Tame, and Shandoyſe, and Gage.*

*Queen.* How fares our sister, is she come along?

*Tame.* We found the Princessse sicke and in great danger;  
Yet did we urge our strict Commission:  
She much intreated that she might be spar'd  
Vutill her health and strength might be restor'd.

*Shand.*



*If you know not me,*

*Shand.* Two of your Highnesse Docters we then call'd,  
And charged them as they would answer it,  
To tell the truth, if that our journeyes toyle,  
Might be no prejudice unto her life;  
Or if we might with safety bring her thence.  
They answered that we might. We did so, and  
Here she is to doe her duty to your Majesty.

*Qu.* Let her attend, we will finde time to heare her.

*Phil.* But royall Queene, for her knowne vertues sake,  
Deeme her offences, if she have offended,  
With all the lenite a sister can.

*Qu.* My Lord of *Winchester*, my lord of *Suffex*,  
Lord *Howard*, *Tame*, and *Shandoyse*,  
Take you Commisision to examine her  
Of all supposed crimes. So to our Nuptials,  
What Festivall more royall hath beene seene,  
Than'twixt *Spaines Prince*, and *Englands royall Queene*.

*Exeunt.*

## Actus Secun. Scæna prim.

*Enter Elizabeth, her Gentleman and three household  
servants.*

*Eliz.* Is my Gentleman-Vsher yet return'd?

*Wom.* Madam, not yet.

*Eliz.* O heaven, my feare hath beene good Physicke to me.  
But the *Queenes* displeasure, that hath cur'd my bodies imperfe-  
ction, hath made me heart-sicke, braine-sicke, and sicke even to  
Death, what are you?

*1 Ser.* Your household officers and humble Servants.  
Who, now your house (faire Princessse) is dissolv'd  
And quite broke up, come to attend your Grace.

*Eliz.* We thanke you, and are more indebted for your loves  
Than we have power, or meanes now to requite.

Alas, I am all the *Queenes*, yet nothing of my selfe,  
But God and innocence, be you my patrons and defend my cause.  
Why



*You know no body.*

Why weepe you Gentlemen?

*Cooke.* Not for our selves, Men are not made to weepe  
At their owne Fortunes. Our eyes are made of fire,  
And to extract water from fire is hard :  
Nothing but such a Princeesse grieve as yours,  
So good a lady, and so beautifull, so absolute a Mistresse,  
And perfect, as you ever have beene to us  
Have power to doe't : your sorrow makes us sad.

*Eliz.* My innocence yet makes my heart as light,  
As my front's heavy. All that heaven sends is welcome,  
Gentlemen divide these few Crownes amongst you.  
I am now a prisoner, and shall want nothing :  
I have some friends about her Majesty,  
That are providing for me all things, all things ;  
I, even my Grave ; and being possesst of that  
I shall need nothing. Weepe not I pray,  
Rather you should rejoyce,  
If I miscary in this enterprise, and you aske why,  
A Virgin and a Martyr both I dye.

*Enter Gage.*

*Gage.* He that first gave you life, protect that life  
From those that wish your death.

*Eliz.* What's my offence ? Or who be my accusers ?

*Gage.* Madam, that the *Queene* and *Winchester* best know.

*Eliz.* What saith the *Queene* unto my late petition ?

*Gage.* You are deny'd that grace :

Her Majesty will not admit your conference.

*Sir William Sentlo* urging that motion,

Was first committed, since sent to the Tower,

Madam, in brieve, your foes are the *Queenes* friends,

Your friends her foes.

Sixe of the Councell are this day oppointed

To examine you of certaine Articles :

*Eliz.* They shall be welcome ? my God in whom I trust,  
Will helpe, deliver, save, defend the just.

*Enter*

*If you know not mee*

*Enter Winchester, Suffex, Howard, Tame,  
Shandoyse, and Constable*

*Suff.* All forbear the place unlessse the Princeesse.

*Win.* Madam, we from the Queene are joyn'd  
In full Commission. *(They sit, she kneeles.)*

*Suff.* By your favour good my lord, ere you proceed.  
Madam, although this place doth tie you to this reverence,  
It becomes you being a Princeesse to deject your Knees.  
A Chaire there.

*Eliz.* My duty with my fortunes doe agree,  
And to the Queen, in you, I bend my knee.

*Suff.* You shall not kneele where *Suffex* fits in place,  
The Chamber-keeper, a Chaire there for her Grace.

*Winch.* Madam, perhaps of me you censure hardly,  
That was enforc'd in Commission.

*Eliz.* Know you your owne guilt, my good lord Chancellor,  
That you accuse your selfe. I thinke not so,  
I am of this minde, no man is my foe.

*Win.* Madam, I would you would submit your selfe unto her  
Highnesse.

*Eliz.* Submit my lord of *Winchester*, 'tis fit,  
That none but base offenders should submit.  
No no my lord, I easily spy your drift,  
Having nothing whereon you can accuse me,  
You seeke to have my selfe my selfe betray.  
So by my selfe mine owne bloud should be spilt,  
Confesse submission, I confesse a guilt.

*Tame.* What answer you to *Wiats* late Rebellion,  
Madam 'tis thought that you did set them on.

*Eliz.* Who is't will say so, men may much suspect,  
But yet my Lord none can my life defect,  
I a confederate with those Kentesh rebels?  
If I saw or sent to them, let the Queene take my head.  
Hath not proud *Wiat* suffered for his offence,  
And in the purging both of soule and body for Heaven,  
Did *Wiat* then accuse *Elizabeth*.

*Howard*



*You know no body.*

*Suff.* Madam he did not.

*Eliz.* My reverend Lord I know it.

*Howard.* Madam he would not.

*Eliz.* O my good Lord he could not.

*Suff.* The same day *Throgmorton* was arraign'd at Guild hall  
It was impos'd on him; whether this Princeesse had a hand  
With him or no : he did deny it.

Clear'd her fore his death, yet accus'd others.

*Eliz.* My God be prais'd, this is newes but for a minute old.

*Spand.* What answer you to sir *Peter Carew* in the West,  
The Westernne Rebels.

*Eliz.* Aske the unborne infant and see what that will answer,  
For that and I are both alike in guilt,  
Let not by rigor innocent blood be spilt.

*Winch.* Come Madam, answer briefly to these treasons.

*Eliz.* Tie son Lords ! if it be treason to be the Daughter  
To th'eight *Henry*, sister to *Edward*, and the next of blood unto  
My gracious Sovereaigne the now Queen, I am a traytor : if not, I  
Spit at treason. In *Henries* raigne this law could not have stood.  
O Heaven, that we should suffer for our blood.

*Const.* Madam, the Queene must heare you sing another song  
Before you part with us.

*Eliz.* My God doth know, I can no note but truth,  
That with Heavens King,  
One day mongst quires of Angels I shall sing.

*Winch.* Then Madam you will not submit,

*Eliz.* My life I will, but not as guilty,  
My Lords let pale offenders pardon crave,  
If we offend, lawes rigor let us have.

*Winch.* You are stubborne, come let's certifie the Queene.

*Tame.* Roome for the Lords there. *(Exeunt Councell.)*

*Eliz.* Thou power eternall, Innocents just guide,  
That sway'st the Scepter of all Monarchies,  
Protect the guiltlesse from these ravening jawes,  
That hideous death, present by tyrants lawes,  
And as my heart is knowne to thee most pure,  
Grant me release, or or patience to endure.

*If you know not me*

*Enter Gage, and servants.*

*Gage.* Madam, we your poore humble servants  
Made bold to presse into your Graces presence,  
To know how your cause goes.

*Eliz.* Well, well, I thanke my God well.  
How can a cause goe ill with innocents?  
For they to whom wrong in this world are done,  
Shall be rewarded in the world to come.

*Enter the six Councillors.*

*Winch.* It is the pleasure of her Majesty,  
That you be straight committed to the Tower.

*Eliz.* The Tower! For what?

*Win.* Moreover, all your household servants we have discharg'd,  
Except this Gentleman your Vsher, and this Gentlewoman,  
Thus did the Queene command.

And for your Guard, an hundred Northerne white-coats  
Are appointed to conduct you thither.

To night unto your Chamber, to morrow early prepare  
You for the Tower, your Barge stands ready,  
To conduct you thither. *(She kneeles.)*

*Eliz.* Oh Heaven, my heart! A prisoner in the Tower!  
Speake to the Queene, my Lords, that some other place  
May lodge her sister: that's too vile, too base.

*Suff.* Come my Lords, let's all joyne in one petition  
To the Queene, that she may not be lodg'd within the Tower.

*Winch.* My Lord, you know it is vaine,  
For the Queenes sentence is definitive,  
And we must see't perform'd.

*Eliz.* Then to our chamber comfortlesse and sad,  
To morrow to the Tower that fataill place,  
Where I shall never behold the Sunnes bright face.

*Suff.* Now heaven forbid, a better hap heaven send,  
Thus men may mourne for what they cannot mend.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter*

*You know no body.*

*Enter three white-cote Souldiers with a Iacke  
of Beere.*

1. Come my masters, you know your charge, 'tis now about  
A leven, here we must watch till morning,  
And then carry the Princeesse to the Tower.

2. How shall we spend the time till morning?

3. Masse wee'll drinke and talke of our friends.

2. I but my friend, doe not talke of State matters.

1. Not I, Ile not meddle with the State,

I hope this a man may say without offence,  
Prethee drinke to me.

3. With all my heart 'faith; this a man might  
Lawfully speake; but now, 'faith what wast thou about to say?

1. Masse I say this; That the Lady *Elizabeth* is both a Lady  
And *Elizabeth*, and if I should say she were a vertuous Princeesse,  
Were there any harme in that?

2. Noby my troth there's no harme in that,  
But beware of talking of the Princeesse,  
Let's meddle with our kindred, there we may be bold.

1. Well fir, I have two sisters, and the one loves the other,  
And would not send her to prison for a million, is there any harm  
In this? Ile keepe my selfe within compasse I warrant you.  
For I doe not talke of the Queene, I talke of my sisters.  
Ile keepe me selfe within my compasse I warrant you.

3. I but fir, that word sister goes hardly downe.

1. Why fir, I hope a man may be bold with his owne sister,  
I learn'd that of the Queene.  
Ile keepe my selfe within compasse I warrant you.

2. I but fir, why is the Princeesse committed?

1. It may be she doth not know her selfe,  
It may be the Queene knowes not the cause,  
It may be my Lord of *Winchester* doth not know,  
It may be so, nothing is impossible.  
It may be there's knavery in Monckery,  
There's nothing impossible. Is there any harme in that?



*If you know not mee*

2. Shoemaker you goe a little beyond your last.

1. Why, in saying nothing'sunpossible?

He stand to it : for saying a truth's a truth, ile prove it.

For saying there may be knavery in Monckery, ile justifie it.

I doe not say, there is ; but, may be, I know what I know,

You know what you know, he knowes what he knowes

Marry we know not what every man knowes.

3. My masters, we have talkt so long that I thinke tis day.

1. I thinke so too. Is there any in harm all this ?

2. None ith world.

3. And I thinke by this time the Princeesse is ready to  
take her Barge.

1. Come then, let's go : would all were well.

Is there any harme in all this ? But alas,

Wishes and teares have both one property,

They shew their love that want their remedy. *Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Winchester and Beninfield.*

*Winch.* Did you marke what a piteous eye she cast  
To the Queenes window as she past along,  
Faine she would have staid, but that I caus'd  
The Barge-men to make haste and row away.

*Bning.* The Barge-men were too desperate my Lord,  
In staying till the water was so low.

For then you know being underneath the Bridge,  
The Barge sterne did strike upon the ground,  
And was in danger to have droun'd us all.

*Winch.* Well, she hath scap'd that danger,  
Would she but conforme her selfe in her opinion,  
She onely might rely upon my love  
To win her to the favour of the Queene.

*Bening.* But that will never be, this is my censure,  
If she be guilty in the least degree,  
May all her wrongs surcharge and light on her :  
But howsoever in my censure giving,  
I thinke it better she were dead then living.

*Enter*



*You know no body.*

*Enter Suffex, Tame, Howard, Shandoyse,  
and Gage.*

*Suff.* Why doth the Princeesse keepe her Barge so long,  
Why lands she not ? some one goe and see the cause.

*Gage.* That shall be my charge my Lord.

*Exit Gage.*

*Suff.* Oh my Lords her state is wondrous hard.  
I have seene the day my hand ide not have lent,  
To bring my Soveraignes sifter to the Tower,  
Good my Lords stretch your Commission,  
To doe this Princeesse but some little favour.

*Shand.* My Lord, my Lord, let not the love we beare the Prin-  
cesse incurre the Queenes displeasure. Tis no dallying with mat-  
ters of state : who dares gain-say the Queene.

*Suff.* Marry a god not I, no, no, not I :  
Yet who shall hinder these mine eyes to sorrow,  
For her her sorrow ; by Gods marry deare  
That the Queen could not though her selfe were here.  
My Lords, my Lords, if it were held foule treason  
To grieve for her hard usage, by my life  
Mine eyes would hardly prove me a true subject.  
But 'tis the Queenes pleasure, and we must obey :  
Yet I shall mourne should King and Queene say nay.

*Enter Gage.*

*Gage.* My grieved Mistresse humbly thus intreats  
For to remove backe to the common stayres,  
And not to land where Traytors put to shore.  
Some difference she intreats your Honors make  
Twixt Chrystall Fountaines and foule muddy Springs,  
'Twixt those that are condemned by the law,  
And those whom Treasons staine did never blemish :  
Thus she attends your aniwer and sits still,  
Whilst her wet eye full many a teare doth spill.

*Suff.* Marry a god 'tis true, and tis no reason. Lanch Bargeman.  
Good lady land where traytors use to land,  
Before her guilt be prov'd, Gods marry no,

*If you know not me,*

Yet the *Queene* wils it, that it should be so.

*Shand.* My Lord you must looke into our Commission.  
No favour's granted, she off force must land,  
'Tis a Decree which we cannot withstand.

So tell her Master *Gage*.

*Exit Gage.*

*Suff.* As good a Lady as ere England bred,  
Would he that caus'd this wee had lost his head.

*Enter Gage, Elizabeth, and Clarentia her  
Gentlewoman.*

*Gage.* Madam, you have stept too short into the water.

*Eliz.* No matter where I tread,  
Would where I set my foot there lay my head.  
Land Traytor-like! my foot's wet in the floud,  
So shall my heart ere long be drencht in bloud.

*Enter Constable.*

*Winch.* Here comes the Constable of the Tower.  
Vnto whose charge we now commit you Madam.

*Const.* And I receive my prisoner: come will you goe?

*Eliz.* Whither my Lord, unto a Grate of iron,  
Where grieve and care my poore heart shall environ.  
I am not well.

*Suff.* A chayre for the Princeesse.

*Const.* Here's no chayre for prisoners,  
Come will you see your Chamber?

*Eliz.* Then on this stone, this cold stone, I will sit,  
I needs must say you hardly me intreat,  
When for a chayre this hard stone is my seat.

*Suff.* My Lord you deale too cruelly with the Princeesse,  
You knew her Father, she's no stranger to you.

*Tame.* Madam, it raines.

*Suff.* Good Lady take my cloake,

*Eliz.* No let it alone. See Gentlemen,  
The piteous Heavens weepe teares into my bosome,

On

*You know no body.*

On this cold stone I sit, raine in my face,  
But better here than in a worser place  
Where this bad man will leade me.  
*Clarentia*, reach my Booke. Now leade me where you please  
From sight of day, bee't in a dungeon I shall see to pray. *Ex Eliz.*  
*Suff.* Nay, nay, you need not bolt and lock so fast, *Gage, Clar.*  
She is no starter. Honourable Lords, *& Constable.*  
Speake to the *Queene* she may have some release.

*Enter Constable.*

*Const.* So, so, let me alone, let me alone to coop her,  
Ile use her so, the *Queen* shall much commend  
My diligent care.

*Howard.* Where have you left the *Princesse*?

*Const.* Where she is safe enough I warrant you,  
I have not granted her the priviledge  
Of any walke in Garden, or to ope  
Her windowes Casements to receive the ayre.

*Suff.* My Lord, my Lord, you deale without respect,  
And worse then your Commission can maintaine.

*Const.* My Lord, I hope I know my Office well,  
And better than your selfe within this place,  
Then reach not me my duty, she shall be us'd so still,  
The *Queene* commands, and ile obey her will.

*Suff.* But if this time should alter, marke me well,  
Could this be answer'd? Could it fellow Peeres?  
I thinke not so.

*Const.* Tush, tush, the *Queene* is young, likely to beare  
Of her owne body, a more royall heyre.

*Enter Gage.*

*Gage.* My lords, the *Princesse* humbly intreats,  
That her owne Servants may beare up her dyet,  
A company of base untutor'd slaves,  
Whose hands did never serve a *Princesse* boord,  
Doe take that priviledge.

*Const.*



*If you know not me*

*Const.* 'Twas my appointment, and it shall be so.

*Suff.* Gods marry deare, so suffred it shall not be.

Lord *Howard* joyne with me, wee'll to the King.

*Enter Souldiers with dishes.*

*Gage.* Stay good my Lords, for instance, see they come,  
If this be seemely, let your honours judge,

*Suff.* Come, come my Lords, why doe you stay so long?  
The *Queenes* high favour shall amend this wrong.

*Exeunt omnes, prater Gage and Constable.*

*Const.* Now sir what have you got by your complaining, you  
common find-fault, what is your *Mistrisse* stomacke so queasie?  
Our honest Souldiers must not touch her meat, then let her fast;  
I know her stomacke will come downe at last,

*Enter Souldiers with more dishes. Gage takes  
one from them.*

*Gage.* Vntutor'd slave, ile ease thee of this burthen,  
Her Highnesse scornes to touch the dish,  
Her servants bring not up.

*Const.* Presume to touch a dish ile lodge thee there,  
Where thou shalt see no Sunne in one whole yeare, (*Ex. Const.*

*Gage.* I would to heaven you would in any place, (*& sould.*  
Where I might live from thought of her disgrace.

O thou all-seeing Heavens, with piteous eye,  
Looke on th'oppressions of their cruelty!

Let not thy truth by falshood be oppress'd,

But let her vertues shine and give her rest,

Confound the sleights and Practise of those men,  
Whose pride doe kicke against the seat of heaven.

Oh draw the curtaines from their filthy sinne.

And make them loath the hell which they live in.

Prosper the *Princesse*, and her life defend,

A glorious comfort to her troubles send.

If ever thou hadst pity heare my prayer,

And give releasement to a *Princesse* care.

*Exit gage.*

*Actus*

*You know no body.*

*Act. Ter. Scæ. prim.*

*A dumbe Show.*

*Enter six with Torches.*

*Tame and Shandoyse bare-headed, Philip and Mary after them, then Wincheſter, Beningfield, and Attendants. At the other door Suffex and Howard. Suffex delivers a Petition to the King, the King receives it, ſhewes it to the Queen, ſhe ſhewes it to Wincheſter, and to Beningfield, they ſtorne: the King whiſpers to Suffex, and raiſes him and Howard, gives them the Petition, they take their leaves and depart, the King whiſpers a little to the Queene.*

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Conſtable and Gage.*

*Gage.* The Princeſſe thus intreats you honoured Lord,  
She may but walke in the Lieutenants Garden,  
Or elſe reſoſe her ſelfe in the Queenes Lodgings;  
My honour'd Lord, grant this as you did love  
The famous *Henry* her deceaſed Father.

*Conſt.* Come talke not to me, for I am reſolv'd,  
Nor Lodging, Garden, nor Lieutenants walkes  
Shall here be granted, ſhe's a Priſoner.

*Gage.* My Lord, they ſhall.

*Conſt.* How, ſhall they, Knaue?

*Gage.* If the Queene pleaſe, they ſhall.

A noble and right reverend Councillor,  
Promis'd to beg it of her Majeſty.  
And if ſhe ſay the word, my Lord, ſhe ſhall.

*Conſt.* I, if ſhe ſay the word it ſhall be ſo.  
My Lord of *Wincheſter* ſpeakes the contrary,  
So doe the Clergy, they are honeſt men.

*Gage.* My honour'd Lord, why ſhould you take delight

*If you know not me*

To torture a poore Lady innocent ?  
The *Queene* I know, when she shall heare of this  
Will greatly discommend your cruelty.  
You serv'd her Father, and he lov'd you well,  
You serv'd her Brother, and he held you deare :  
And can you hate the sister he best lov'd ?  
You serve her sister, she esteemes you hye,  
And you may live to serve her ere you die :  
And therefore good my Lord let this prevaile,  
Only the Casements of her windows ope,  
Whereby she may receive fresh gladsome ayre.

*Const.* O you preach well to deafe men, no not I ;  
So letters may fly in, ile none of that,  
She is my prisoner, and if I so durst,  
But that my warrant is not yet so strict,  
Ide lay her in a dungeon where her eyes,  
Should not have light to reade her English prayers,  
So would I danger both her soule and body,  
Cause she's an alyen to us Catholikes.  
Her bed should be all Snakes, her rest dispaire,  
Tortures should make her curse her faithlesse Prayer.

*Enter Suffex, Howard and Servants.*

*Suff.* My Lord it is the pleasure of the *Queene*,  
The Prisoner Princessse should have all the use  
Of the Lieutenants Garden, the *Queenes* lodgings,  
And all the liberty this place affords.

*Const.* What meanes her Grace by that ?

*Suff.* You may go aske her and you will my lord.  
Moreover, 'tis her Highnesse further pleasure,  
That her sworne servants shall attend on her,  
Two Gentlemen of her Ewry, two of her Pantry,  
Two of her Kitchen, and two of her Wardrobe,  
Besides this Gentleman here, Master *Gage*.

*Const.* The next will be her freedome. Oh this mads me.

*How.* Which way lyes the Princessse ?

*Const.*



*You know nobody.*

*Const.* This way my Lord.

*How.* This will be glad tydings : come let's tell her Grace.

*Exeunt omnes, prater Constable and Gage.*

*Gage.* Wilt please your honour, let my desolate lady

Walke in the Lieutenants Garden,

Or may but see the lodgings of the *Queene*,

Or ope the Casements to receive fresh aire ?

Shall she my lord ? shall she this freedome use ?

She shall ; for you can neither will nor chuse.

Or shall she have some servants of her owne,

To attend on her ? I pray let it be so,

And let your looke no more poore prisoners daunt,

I pray deny not what you needs must grant.

*Exit Gage.*

*Const.* This base Groome flouts me, oh this frets my heart.

These Knaves will jet upon their priviledge,

But yet ile vex her, I have found the meanes.

To have my cooke to dresse my meat with hers.

And every Officer my men shall match,

Oh that I could but draine her hearts deare blood,

Oh it would feed me, doe my soule much good.

*Enter the Clowne beating a Souldier.*

*Enter Cooke beating another Souldier.*

*Const.* How now, what meanes the fellow ?

*Cooke.* Adacious flave, presuming in my place.

*Const.* Sir, 'twas my pleasure, and I did command it.

*Cooke.* The proudest he that keepes within the Tower,  
Shall have no eye into my private Office.

*Const.* No sir, why say tis I.

*Cooke.* Be it your selfe, or any here,  
He make him sup the hottest broth in the kitchen that shall gaine-  
say it.

*Const.* You will not.

*Cooke.* Yes I will,  
I have beene true to her, and will be still.

*If you know not me,*

*Const.* Well, ile have this amended ere't be long.  
And 'venge my selfe on her for all their wrong.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter a Boy with a Nofegay.*

*Boy.* I have another Nofegay for my young Lady,  
My lord said I should be soundly whipt  
If I were seene to bring her any more,  
But yet ile venture once againe, she is so good a lady.  
Oh here's her Chamber, ile call and see if she be stirring.  
Where are you Lady?

*Eliz.* Welcome sweet boy, what hast thou brought me here?

*Boy.* Madam, I have brought you another Nofegay.  
But you must not let it be seene: for if it be,  
I shall be soundly whipt, indeedla indeed, I shall.

*Eliz.* God-a-mercy Boy, here's to requite thy love. *Exit. Eliz.*

*Enter Constable, Suffex, Howard, and  
Attendants.*

*Const.* Stay him, stay him, oh have I caught you Sir,  
Where have you beene?

*Boy.* To carry my young Lady some more flowers.

*How.* Alas my Lord a childe, pray let him go.

*Const.* A crafty Knave my Lords, search him for letters.

*Suff.* Letters my lord, it is impossible.

*Const.* Come, tell me what letters carriedst thou her?  
Ile give thee figs and sugar-plums.

*Boy.* Will you indeed, well ile take your word,  
For you looke like an honest man.

*Const.* Now tell me what letters thou deliveredst?

*Boy.* Faith Gaffer I know no letters but great *A, B,* and *C,*  
I am not come to *K.* yet.

Now gaffer will you give me my sugar-plums?

*Const.* Yes marry will I, take him away.  
Let him be soundly whipt I charge you sirrha.

*Enter*

You know no body.

*Enter Elizabeth, Gage, and Clarentia.*

*Eliz.* They keepe even infants from us. They doe well,  
My sight they have too long bard, and now my smell.  
This Tower hath made me fall to Huswifry,  
I spend my labours to releev the poor, (*She delivereth to them*  
*Go Gage, distribute these to those that need. shirts and smocks.*

*Enter Winchester, Beningsfield, and Tame.*

*Winch.* Madam, the Queene out of her royall bounty  
Hath free'd you from the thraldome of the Tower,  
And now this Gentleman must be your Guardian.

*Eliz.* I thanke her, she hath rid me of a Tyrant,  
Is he appointed now to be my keeper?  
What is he Lords?

*Tame.* A Gentleman in favour with the Queene.

*Eliz.* It seemes so by his charge. But tell me *Gage*.  
Is yet the Scaffold standing on Tower Hill,  
Whereon *Gilford* and the Lady *Iane* did suffer death?

*Gage.* Vpon my life it stands not.

*Eliz.* Lord *Howard*, what is he?

*How.* A Gentleman, though of a sterne aspect,  
Yet milde enough, I hope your Grace will finde so.

*Eliz.* Hath he not thinke you a stretcht conscience,  
And if my secret murther should be put into his hands,  
Hath he not a heart thinke you to execute?

*How.* Defend it Heaven, and Gods almighty hand  
Betwixt your Grace, and such intendments stand.

*Benings.* Come Madam, will you goe?

*Eliz.* With all my heart. Farewell, farewell.  
I am freed from Lymbo to be sent to hell.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Cooke and Pantler.*

*Cook.* What storme comes next? this hath disperst us quite,  
and



*If you know not mee*

and shatter'd us to nothing. Though we be deny'd the presence  
of our Mistis, yet we will walke aloofe, and none controule us.

*Paul.* Here will she crosse the River. Stand in her eye,  
That she may take some notice of our neglected duties.

*Enter three poore men.*

1. Come this way, they say the sweet Princeesse comes,  
Let us present her with such tokens of good will  
As we have.

2. They say she's such a vertuous Princeesse, that shee'l accept  
of a cup of cold water, and I have even a Nosegay for her Grace.  
Here she comes.

*Enter Elizabeth, Beningsfield, Gage and Tame.*

*Omnes.* The Lord preserve thy sweet Grace.

*Eliz.* What are these?

*Gage.* The Townes-men of the Country gathered here,  
To greet your Grace, hearing you past this way.

*Eliz.* Give them this gold, and thank them for their loves.

*Ben.* What traytor knaves are gather'd here to make a tumult?

*Omnes.* Now the Lord blesse thy sweet Grace.

*Ben.* If they persist, I charge you souldiers stop their mouths.

*Eliz.* It shall not need, the poor are loving, but the rich despise,  
And though you curbe their tongue, spare them their eyes.

Your love my smart allayes not, but prolongs:

Pray for me in your hearts, not with your tongues.

See, see, my Lord, looke, I have still'd them all,

Not one amongst them but bemones my fall.

*Tame.* Alas Sir Harry, these are honest Country men,  
That much rejoyce to see the Princeesse well.

*Ben.* My Lord, my Lord, my charge is great.

*Tame.* And mine as great as yours.

*Bells.*

*Ben.* Harke, harke my Lord, what Bells are these?

*Gage.* The Townes-men of this Village,  
Hearing her Highnesse was to passe this way,  
Salutes her comming with this peale of Bells.

*Ben.*

*You know no body.*

*Ben.* Traytors and knaves ring bells  
When the Queenes enemy passeth through the Town :  
Go set the Knave by th' heels, go, make their pates ring noon,  
I charge thee *Barwicke*.

*Exit Barwicke.*

*Eliz.* Alas poore men, help them thou God above,  
Thus men are forc'd to suffer for my love.  
What said my servants, those that stood aloofe ?

*Gage.* They deeply conjur'd me out of their loves,  
To know how your case goes, which these poore people second.

*Eliz.* Say to them *Tanquam Ovis*.

*Ben.* Come, come away, this lingring will benight us.

*Tame.* Madam, this night your lodging's at my house,  
No prisoner are you Madam for this night.

*Ben.* How ? no prisoner ?

*Tame.* No, no prisoner, what I intend to doe Ile answer.  
Madam, wilt please you goe ?

*Exit Eliz, Ben. Tame.*

*Cooke.* Now gentle Master Visser, what sayes my Lady ?

*Gage.* Thus did she bid me say, *Tanquam Ovis*.  
Farewell, I must away.

*Exit Gage.*

1. *Tanquam Bovis*, pray what's *Tanqus ovris*, neighbour ?

2. If the Priest were here hee'd smell it out straight.

*Cooke.* My selfe have been a Scholler, and I understand  
What *Tanquam Ovis* meanes.

We sent to know how her Grace did fare,  
She *Tanquam Ovis*-fed, even like a Sheep,  
That's to the slaughter led.

1. *Tanquam Bovis*, that I should live to see *Tanquam Bovis*.

2. I shall nere love *Tanquam Bovis* againe for this tricke.

*Excunt omnes.*

*Enter Beningsfield and Barwicke his man.*

*Ben.* *Barwicke*, is this the Chayre of State ?

*Bar.* I Sir, this is it.

*Ben.* Take it downe and pull off my Bootes.

*Bar.* Come on sir.

*Enter*

*If you know not me*

*Enter Clowne.*

*Clowne.* O monstrous, what a sawcy companion's this?  
To pull off his bootes in the Chayre of State,  
Ile fit you a penny worth for it.

*Ben.* Well sayd *Barwicke*, pull knave.

*Bar.* A ha fir.

*The Clowne pulls the Chaire from under him.*

*Ben.* Well said, now it comes.

*Clo.* Gods pittie, I think you are downe, cry you mercy.

*Ben.* What sawcy arrant knave art thou, how?

*Clo.* Not so sawcy an arrant knave as your worship:  
takes me to be.

*Ben.* Villaine thou hast broke my crooper.

*Clo.* I am sorry 'tis no worse for your worship.

*Ben.* Knave, dost flout me? *Exeunt. He beats him out.*

*Enter the Englishman and Spaniard.*

*Spa.* The wall, the wall.

*Eng.* Spaniard you get no wall here, unlesse you would have  
your head and the wall knock'd together.

*Spa.* Seignior Cavalero Danglero.

I must have the wall.

*Eng.* I doe protest hadst thou not enforc'd it,  
I had not regarded it, but since you will needs  
Have the wall, Ile take the paines to thrust  
You into the kennell.

*Spa.* O base Cavalero, my Sword and Ponyardo  
Well try'd in *Tolledo*, shall give thee the imbroschado.

*Eng.* Mary and welcome fir, come on:

*They fight, he hurts the Spaniard.*

*Spa.* Holo, holo, thou hast given me  
The Canvissado.

*Eng.* Come fir, will you any more?

*Spa.*



*You know no body.*

*Spa.* Seignior Cavalero looke behind thee.  
A blade of Tolledo is drawne against thee.

*He looks backe, he kills him.*

*Enter Philip, Howard, Suffex, and Constable.*

*Phil.* Hang that ignoble Groome,  
Had not our eyes beheld thy Cowardise,  
We should have sworne, and held it as our faith,  
Such baseness had not followed us.

*Spa.* *Oh vostro mandado grand Imperador.*

*How.* Pardon him my Lord.

*Phil.* Are you respectlesse of our honour Lords,  
That you would have us besome cowardise;  
I doe protest the great Turkes Empire,  
Shall not redeeme thee from a Felons death.  
What place is this my Lords?

*Suff.* Charing-crosse my Liege.

*Phil.* Then by this crosse, where thou hast done this murder,  
Thou shalt be hang'd, so Lords away with him.

*Exit Spaniard.*

*Suff.* Your Grace may purchase honour from above,  
And entire love from all your peoples hearts,  
To make attonement twixt the wofull Princeesse  
And our dread Sovereigne, your most vertuous Queene.

*How.* It were a deede worthy of memory.

*Const.* My Lord she's factious, rather could I wish  
She were married to some private Gentleman,  
And with her Dower convey'd out of the land,  
Then here to stay and be a mutiner.

So may your Highnesse state be more secure.  
For whilst she lives, warrs and commotions,  
Foule insurrections will be set abroad,  
I thinke 'twere not amisse to take her head:  
This land would be in quiet were she dead.

*Suff.* O my Lord, you speake not charitably.

E

*Phil.*

*If you know not me,*

*Phil.* Nor will we Lords) embrace his heedlesse counsell,  
I doe protest, as I am King of *Spaine*,  
My utmost power ile stretch to make them friends.  
Come lords let's in, my love and wit ile try,  
To end this jarre, the *Queene* shall not deny.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Elizabeths Biningfield, Clarentia, Tame,  
Gage, and Barmicke.*

*Eliz.* What fearefull terror doth assaile my heart?  
*Good Gage* come hither, and resolve me true  
In thy opinion : shall I out-live this night?  
I prethee speake.

*Gage.* Out-live this night, I pray Madam why?

*Eliz.* Then to be plaine, this night I looke to dye.

*Gage.* O Madam, you were borne to better fortunes,  
That God that made you, will protect you still,  
From all your enemies that wish you ill.

*Eliz.* My heart is full.

*Gage.* O my honour'd lord,  
As ever you were noble in your thoughts,  
Speake, shall my lady out-live this night, or no?

*Tame.* You much amaze me sir : else Heaven fore-send.

*Gage.* For if we should imagine any plot,  
Pretending to the hurt of our deare Mistresse,  
I and my fellowes, though we be farre unable  
To stand against your power, will dye together.

*Tame.* And I with you would spend my dearest blood,  
To doe that vertuous lady any good.  
Sir *Harry*, now my charge I must resigne,  
The ladie's wholly in your custody,  
Yet use her kindly as she well deserves,  
And so I take my leave. Madam adiew.

*Exit Tame.*

*Eliz.* My honour'd lord farewell, unwilling I

With

*You know no body.*

With griefe and woe must here continue still.  
Helpe me to some inke and paper good Sir *Harry*.

*Bening*. What to doe Madam ?

*Eliz*. To write a letter to the *Queene* my sister.

*Bening*. I find not that in my Commission.

*Eliz*. Good Iaylor urge not thy Commission.

*Bening*. No Iaylor, but your Guardian Madam.

*Eliz*. Then reach me pen and inke.

*Bening*. Madam I dare not, my Commission serves not.

*Eliz*. Thus have you driven me off from time to time,  
Good Iaylor be not so severe.

*Ben*. Good Madam I intreat you loose that name  
Of Iaylor, 'twill be a by-word to me and my posterity.

*Eliz*. As often as you name your Commission,  
So often will I call you Iaylor.

*Ben*. Say I should reach you pen, inke and paper,  
Who is't dare beare a letter sent from you ?

*Eliz*. I doe not keepe a Servant so dishonest,  
That should deny me that.

*Ben*. Who ever dares, none shall.

*Gage*. Madam, expose the letter to my trust,  
Were I to beare it through a field of Pikes,  
And in my way ten thousand arm'd men ambusht,  
Ide make my passage through the midst of them,  
And perforce beare it to the *Queene* your sister.

*Ben*. Body of me, what a bold Knaves this.

*Gliz*. *Gage* leave me to my selfe.  
Thou ever-living power that guid'st all hearts,  
Give to my pen a true perswasive style,  
That it may move my impatient sisters eares,  
And urge her to compasseionate my woe.

*She writes.*

*Beningfield* takes a Booke and lookes into it.

*Ben*. What has she written here ?  
Much suspected by me, nothing prov'd can be,  
*Finis* quoth *Elizabeth* the Prisoner.



*If you know not me,*

Pray-God it prove so, loſt what Book's this ?

Marry a God what's here an English Bible ?

*Sancta Maria*, pardon this prophonation of my heart,

Water Barwicke, water, ile meddle with't no more.

*Eliz.* My heart is heavy, and my eyes grow dimme,

I am weary of writing, ſleepy on the ſuddaine.

*Clarentia*, leave me, and command ſome muſicke

In the with-drawing Chamber.

*(She ſleepes.*

*Ben.* Your letter ſhall be forth-comming Lady,

I will peruſe it ere it ſcape me now.

*Eit Beningfield.*

*A dumbe Show.*

*Enter Wincheſter, Conſtable, Barwicke, and Fryers. At the other doore two Angels. The fryer ſteps to her, offering to kill her. The Angels drive them back. Exeunt. The Angel opens the Bible, and puts it in her hand as ſhe ſleepes. Exeunt Angels. She wakes.*

*Eliz.* O Heaven, how pleaſant was this ſleepe to me ?

*Clarentia*, ſaw'ſt thou nothing ?

*Clar.* Madam, not I.

I ne'er ſlept ſoundlier for the time.

*Eliz.* And heardſt thou nothing ?

*Clar.* Neither Madam.

*Eliz.* Didſt thou not put this booke into my hand ?

*Clar.* Madam not I.

*Eliz.* Then 'twas by inſpiration, heaven-I truſt

With his eternall hand will guide the juſt.

What Pſalm's this ? *Who ſo putteth his truſt in the Lord,*

*Shall not be confounded,*

My Saviour thanks, on thee my hope I build,

Thou lov'ſt poor innocents, and art their ſhield.

*You know no body.*

*Act. Quar. Scæ. prim.*

*Enter Beningsfield and Gage.*

*Ben.* Here have you writ a long excuse it seemes,  
But no submission to the *Queene* your sister.

*Eliz.* Should they submit that never wrought offence,  
The law will alwayes quit wrong'd innocence.

*Gage,* take my Letter, to the Lords commend my humble duty.

*Gage.* madam, I fly  
To give this letter to her Majestie :

I am all on speed,

Hoping when I returne,

To give you comfort, that now sadly mourne.

*Exeunt omnes præter Beningsfield.*

*Ben.* I, doe, write and send ; ile crosse you still :

She shall not speake to any man alive,

But ile ore-heare her : no letter, nor no token

Shall ever have accessse unto her hands,

But first ile see it ;

So like a subject to my Soveraignes state,

I will persue her with my deadly hate.

*Enter Clowne.*

*Clow.* O Sir *Harry*, you looke well to your office,  
Yonder's one in the Garden with the *Princesse*.

*Ben.* How knave? with the *Princesse*? she parted but even now.

*Clow.* I sir, that's all one, but shee no sooner came into the  
Garden, but he leapt ore the wall, and there they are together  
busie in talke sir.

*Ben.* Here's for thy paines, thou art an honest fellow :

Go take a *Guard*, and apprehend them straight. *Exit Clowne.*  
Bring them before me.

O this was well found out.

Now will the *Queene* commend my diligent care,

And praise me for my service to her Grace.

*Ha,*

*If you know not me*

Ha, Traytors swarme so neare about my house,

'Tis time to looke into't. .

O well said *Barwicke*. Where's the Prisoner?

*Enter Clowne, Barwicke, and Souldiers, leading a Goat.  
his sword drawne.*

*Clow.* Here he is, in a string my Lord.

*Ben.* Lord blesse us, knave what hast thou there?

*Clo.* This is he I told you was buse in ralke with the Princeesse.  
What a did there you must out of him by examination.

*Ben.* Why knave this is a beast.

*Clow.* So may your worship be for any thing I know.

*Ben.* What art thou Knave?

*Clow.* If your worship does not remember me,  
I hope your worships crooper doth :  
But if you have any thing to say to this honest fellow,  
Who for his gray head and reverend beard is so like, that  
He may be a kinne to you.

*Ben.* A kiane to me, knave ile have thee whipt.

*Clow.* Then your worship will cry quittance with my posteriors  
for misusing of yours.

*Ben.* Knave dost thou flout me still.

*He beats him.*

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Winchester, Gresham with a paper, Constable  
with a Purseuant.*

*Gresh.* I intreat your Honor to regard my haste.

*Winch.* I know your businesse, and your haste shall stay.  
As you were speaking my lord Constable.

*Const.* When as the King shall come to seale these writs,

*Gresh.* My lord, you know his Highnesse treasure staves,  
And cannot be transported these three Moneths,  
Vnlesse that now your Honor seale my warrant.

*Winch.* Fellow, what then? This warrant that concerne  
The Princeesse death, shuffle amongst the rest,

He'l



*You know no body.*

He'l nere peruse't.

*Gresh.* How, the Princeſſe death ? thanks to Heaven,  
By whom I am made a willing instrument her life to ſave,  
That may live crown'd, when thou art in thy Grave.

*Winch.* Stand ready Purſevant.

*Exit Gresham.*

That when 'tis ſign'd,

Thou maiſt be gone, and gallop with the winde.

*Enter Philip, Suffex, and Gage.*

*Phil.* Our Chancelor lords, this is our ſealing day,  
This our States-buſineſſe. Is our ſignet there ?

*Enter Howard, and Gresham, as he is  
ſealing.*

*How.* Stay your imperiall hand, let not your ſeale imprint  
Deaths impreſſe in your ſiſters heart.

*Phil.* Our ſiſters heart ! lord *Howard*, what meanes this ?

*How.* The Chancelor and that injurious lord;  
Can well expound the meaning.

*Win.* Oh chance accurſt, how came he by this notice ?  
Her life is guarded by the hand of Heaven,  
And we invaine perſue it.

*Phil.* Lord Chancelor, your dealing is not faire. *(He looks up-  
on the paper.*  
See lords, what writs offer themſelves,  
To the impreſſe of our ſeale.

*Suff.* See my lord, a warrant for the Princeſſe death  
Before ſhe be convicted, what jugling call you this ?  
See, ſee, for Gods ſake.

*Gage.* And a Purſevant ready to poſte away with it,  
To ſee it done with ſpeed,  
What flinty breſt could brooke to ſee her bleed ?

*Phil.* Lord Chancelor, out of our Prerogative,  
We will make bold to enterline your warrant. *The King writes.*

*Suff.* Whoſe plot was this ?

*How.*

*If you know not me*

*How.* The Chancelors, and my Lord Constables.

*Suff.* How was't reveal'd?

*Ho.* By this Gentleman Master *Gresham* the kings Agent here.

*Suff.* He hath shewed his love to the king and Queens Majesty,  
His service to his countrey, and care of the Princessie.

*Gresh.* My duty to them all.

*Phil.* In stead of charging of the Sheriffes with her,  
We discharge her keeper *Benningfield*:

And where we should have brought her to the blocke.

We now will have her brought to Hampton-court,

There to attend the pleasure of the *Queene*,

The Pursevant that should have posted downe

With tidings of her death,

Beare her the message of her reprim'd life.

You Master *Gage*, assist his speed, a good dayes work we ha made  
To rescue innocence so neare betray'd.

*Enter Clowne and Clarentia.*

*Clow.* Whither go you so fast Mistris *Clarentia*.

*Clar.* A milking.

*Clow.* A milking, that's a poore office for a Madam.

*Clar.* Better be a milke-maid free, then a Madam in bondage,

Oh hadst thou heard the Princessie yesternight,

Sitting within an Arbor all alone to heare a milk-maid sing,

It would have mov'd a flinty heart to melt,

Weeping and wishing, wishing and weeping too,

A thousand times she with her selfe debates,

With the poore milke-maid to exchange estates.

She was a Sempster in the Tower being a Princessie,

And shall I her poore Gentlewoman disdain?

To be a milke-maid in the Countrey.

*Clow.* Troth you say true, every one to his fortune,

As men, go to hanging. The time hath bene

When I would a scorn'd to carry coals, but now the case is alter'd.

Every man as farr as his Talent will stretch.

*Enter*

*You know no body.*

*Enter a Gentlewoman,*

*Wom.* Where's Mistress Clarentia; to horse, to horse,  
The Princess is sent for to the Court,  
She's gone already, come let's after.

*Clar.* The Princess gone and I left here behind!  
Come, come our horses shall outstrip the winde.

*Clow.* And ile not be long after you, for I am sure  
My curtall will carry me as fast as your double hoald Gelding.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Elizabeth, and Gage.*

*Eliz.* I wonder *Gage* that we have stay'd so long  
So neare the Court, and yet have heard no newes  
From our displeased Sister, this more affrights me  
Then all my former troubles, I feare this Hampton-court  
Will be my Grave.

*Gage.* Good Madam, blot such thoughts out of your minde,  
The Lords I know are still about your sute,  
And make no doubt but they will so prevaile  
Both to the King and Queene, that you shall see  
Their heynous anger will be turn'd to love.

*Enter Howard.*

*How.* Where is the Princess?

*Eliz.* Welcome my good *L. Howard*, what sayes the Queen?  
Will she admit my fight?

*How.* Madam she will, this night she hath appointed  
That she her selfe in person meanes to heare you.  
Protract no time, then come let's haste away.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter foure Torches: Philip, Wincheſter, Howard Shandoyſe,  
Beningsfield, and Attendants.*

*Queen.* Where is the Princess?

*How.* She waits your pleasure at the common stayres.



*You know no body.*

*Queen.* Vsher her in by torch-light.

*How.* Gentlemen Vshers, and Gentlemen Pentioners,  
Lights for the Princeesse : attendants Gentlemen.

*Phil.* For her supposed vertues, Royall Queene,  
Looke on your Sister with a smiling brow,  
And if her fault merit not too much hate,  
Let her be censur'd with all lenitie,  
Let your deepe hatred end where it begunne,  
She hath beene too long banisht from the Sunne.

*Queen.* Our favour shall be farre 'bove her desert,  
And she that hath beene banisht from the light,  
Shall once againe behold our chearfull sight.  
You my Lord, step behind the arras,  
And heare our conference, we'll shew her grace,  
For there shines too much mercy in your face.

*Phil.* We beare this minde, we errors would not feed,  
Nor cherish wrongs, nor yet see innocents bleed.

*Queen.* Call in the Princeesse.

*Exeunt for the Princeesse.*

*Philip behind the arras.*

*Enter all with Elizabeth.*

All forbear this place, except our sister now? *Exeunt omnes.*

*Eliz.* That God that rais'd you, stay you and protect  
You from your foes, and cleare me from suspect.

*Queen.* Wherefore doe you cry?  
To see your selfe so low, or us so hie?

*Eliz.* Neither, dread Queene, mine is a womanish teare,  
In part compel'd by joy, and part by feare :  
Joy of your sight, these brinish teares have bred,  
And feare of my Queenes frowne, to strike me dead.

*Queene.* Sister, I rather thinke they're teares of spleene.

*Eliz.* You were my sister, now you are my Queene.

*Queen.* I, that's your griefe.

*Eliz.* Madam, he was my foe, and not your friend  
That hath posselt you so : I am as true a  
Subject to your Grace, as any lives this day,  
Did you but see,

My

*If you know not me,*

My heart it bends farre lower then my knee.

*Queen.* We know you can speake well, will you submit?

*Eliz.* My life Madam I will, but not as guilty;

Should I confesse

Fault done by her that never did transgresse?

I joy to have a Sister Queene so Royall,

I would it as much pleas'd your Majesty.

That you enjoy a sister that's so true.

If I were guilty of the least offence,

Madam 'twould taint the blood in your vaines,

The treasons of the father being noble

Vnnobles all his children. Let your Grace

Exact all torture and imprisonment,

What ere my greatest enemies can devise,

When they have all done their worst malice I

Will your true subject, and true sister dye.

*Phil.* Myrror of vertue, and bright natures pride, *Behind the*  
Pitty it had beene such beauty should have dye'd *(arras.*

*Queen.* You'll not submit; but end as you begin?

*Eliz.* Madam, to death I will, but not to sinne.

*Queen.* You are not guilty then?

*Eliz.* I thinke I am not.

*Queen.* I am not of your minde.

*Eliz.* I would your highnesse were.

*Queen.* How meane you that?

*Eliz.* To thinke as I thinke, that my soule is cleere.

*Queen.* You have beene wrong imprison'd then?

*Eliz.* Ile not say so.

*Queen.* What ere you thinke, arise and kisse our hand,  
Say God hath rais'd you friends.

*Eliz.* Then God hath kept his promise.

*Queen.* Promise, why?

*Eliz.* To raise them friends that on his word relye.

*Phil.* And may the Heavens applaud this unity.  
Bad men they were that first procur'd this wrong,  
Now by my crowne, you ha beene kept downe too long.



*If you know not mee*

*Queen.* Sister this night your selfe shall feast with me,  
To morrow for the Country you are free.  
Lights for the Princeesse, conduct her to her Chamber. *Ex. Eliz.*

*Phil.* My soule is joyfull that this peace is made,  
A peace that pleaseth Heaven, and earth, and all,  
Redeeming captive thoughts from servile thrall.  
Faire *Queene*, the serious businesse of my Father  
Is now at hand to be accomplished;  
Of your faire sight, needs must I take my leave;  
Returne I shall, though parting cause us grieve.

*Queen.* Why should two hearts be forc'd to separate,  
I know your businesse, but beleewe me, sweet,  
My soule divines we nevermore shall meet.

*Phil.* Yet faire *Queene*, hope the best, I shall returne,  
To meet with joy, though now we sadly mourne.

*Exeunt Philip and Queene.*

*Ben.* What, droopes your Honour?

*Win.* Oh, I am sicke.

*Con.* Where lyes your grieve?

*Win.* Where yours and all good subjects else should lye,  
Neere at the heart, this reconcilement I doe greatly dread.  
Least now our true Religion should decay,  
And I divine who ever lives seven yeare,  
Shall see no true faith here but heresie.

*Con.* Come, come, my Lords, this is but for show.  
Our *Queene* I warrant wishes in her heart  
Her sister Princeesse were without her head.

*Winch.* No, no my Lords, this peace is naturall,  
This combination is without deceit.  
But I will once more write to incense the *Queene*.  
The plot is laid, thus it shall be perform'd:  
Sir *Harry*, you shall goe attach her servants  
Vpon suspicion of some treachery,  
Wherein the Princeesse shall be accessary,  
And if this faile, my policy growes dull,  
But I grow faint, the Fever steales on me.

*Death*



*You know no body.*

Death like a Vulture tyres upon my heart :  
He leave you to prosecute the drift,  
My bones to earth, to heaven my soule I lift.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Gage, and Clarentia.*

*Gage.* Madam *Clarentia*, is my Lady stirring ?

*Clar.* Yes Master *Gage*, but heavy at the heart :

For she was frighted with a dreame this night,  
She said, she dream'd her sister was new married,  
And sate upon an high Imperiall Throne,  
That she her selfe was cast into a Dungeon,  
Where enemies environ'd her about,  
Offering their weapons to her naked brest :  
Nay they would scarcely give her leave to pray,  
They made such haste to hurry her away.

*Gage.* Heaven blesse my Mistris, make her friends increase.  
Convert her foes, estate her in true peace.

*Clar.* Then did I dreame of weddings, and flowers.

Methought I was within the finest Garden,  
That ever mortall eye did yet behold :

Then straight methought some of the chiefe were pickt

To dresse the Bride. O'twas the bravest shew

To see the Bride goe smiling longt the streets,

As if we went to happinesse eternall.

*Gage.* O most unhappy dreame, my feare is now

As great as yours, before it was but small,

Come, let's goe comfort her that joyes usall.

*If you know not me*

Act. 5. Scæ. 1<sup>st</sup> prim.

*Enter a dumbe Show.*

*Sixe Torches.*

*Suffex bearing the Crowne, Howard bearing the Scepter, the Constable the Mace, Tame the Purse, Shandoyse the Sword, Philip and Mary: After them the Cordinall Poole, Beningsfield and Attendants. Philip and Mary conferre, he takes leave and exit, Nobles bring him to the doore and retorne, she falls in a smound, they comfort her.*

*A dead March. Enter foure with the Herse of Winchester with the Scepter and Purse lying on it, the Queene takes the Scepter and Purse and gives it to Cardinall Poole. A Sonnet, and exeunt omnes, præter Suffex.*

*Suff. Winchester dead! O Heaven, even at his death  
He shew'd his malice to the sweet young Princeesse,  
Heaven pardon him, his soule must answer all,  
Shee's still preserv'd, and still her foes doe fall.  
The Queen is much befotted on these Prelates,  
For there's another rais'd more great than he,  
Poole, though a Priest, yet has knowne honesty.*

*Enter Beningsfield.*

*Ben. My Lord of Suffex, I can tell ill newes,  
The Cardinall Poole that now was found in health,  
Is suddenly false sicke, ready to dye.*

*Saff. Why then there's a fall of these proud Prelates.  
This Realme will never stand in perfect state,  
Till all their faction be cleare ruinate.*

*Enter Constable.*

*Const. Sir Harry, doe you heare the whispering in the Court.  
They*



*You know no body.*

They say the *Queene* is crazy, very ill.

*Suff.* How heard you that ?

*Const.* 'Tis common through the house.

*Enter Howard,*

*How.* 'Tis a sad Court, my Lord.

*Suff.* What's the matter, say ; how fares the *Queene* ?

*How.* Whether in sorrow for the Kings departure,

Or else for griefe at *Winchesters* decease,

Or else that Cardinall *Poole* is sodainly dead,

I cannot tell : but she's exceeding sicke.

*Suff.* The state begins to stagger.

*How.* Nay more my Lord, I came now from the presence,

And heard the Doctors whisper it in secret,

There is no way but one.

*Suff.* Gods will be done, who's with the *Queene* my Lord ?

*How.* The Duke of *Norfolke*, the Earle of *Oxford*, secretary

The Earle of *Arundell*, and divers others. *(Peters.)*

They are withdrawne into the inward Chamber.

There to take councell, and intreat your presence.

*Suff.* We'll wait upon their honours. *Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Elizabeth, Gage, and Clarentia above.*

*Eliz.* O Heaven, my last nights dreame I greatly feare,

It doth presage my death, good Master *Gage*,

Looke to the path-way that doth come from the Court,

I looke each minute for deaths Messenger :

Would he were here now, so my soule were pure,

That I with patience might the stroke endure.

*Gage.* Madam, I see from farre a horse-man comming,

This way he bends, he spurrs so fast,

That he is covered in a Cloud of dust.

And now I have lost his sight, he appeares againe,

Making his way over Hill, Hedge, Ditch, and Plaine :

Another after him ; and they two strive,

As on the race they had wager'd both their lives :

Another



*If you know not me*

Another after him.

*Eliz.* O Heaven, what meanes this haste?  
Pray for my soule, my life cannot long last.

*Gage.* Strange, miraculous, the first being at the Gate,  
His horse hath broke his necke, and cast his rider.

*Eliz.* The same is but as prologue to my death,  
Well, my heart is guiltlesse though they take my breath.

*Enter Sir Henry Kere*

*Kere.* God save the Queene, God save *Elizabeth.*

*Eliz.* God save the Queene, so all good subjects say;  
I am her subject and for her still pray.

*Kere.* My horse did you allegiance at the Gate,  
For there he broke his necke, and there he lyes,  
And I my selfe had much adoe to rise,  
The fall hath bruis'd me, yet I live to cry  
God blesse your Grace, God blesse your Majesty.

*Gage.* Long live the Queene, long live your Majesty

*Eliz.* This newes is sweet, my heart was sore afraid,  
Rise thou first Baron that we ever made.

*Kere.* Thanks to your Majesty, happy be my tongue,  
That first breath'd right to her that had such wrong.

*Enter Sir John Brocket.*

*Brock.* Am I prevented in my haste, O chance accurst!  
My hopes did sooth me that I was the first;  
Let not my duty be ore-sway'd by spleene,  
Long live my Sovereigne, and God save the Queene.

*Eliz.* Thanks good Sir *John*, we will deserve your love.

*Enter Lord Howard.*

*How.* Though third in order, yet the first in love,  
I tender my allegiance to your Grace, -  
Live long faire Queene, thrice happy be your reigne,  
He that instates you, your high state maintaine.

*Eliz.* Lord *Howard* thanks, you ever were our friend,

*You know no body.*

I see your love continues to the end :  
But chiefly thanks to you my Lord of Hunsdon

*How.* Meaning this Gentleman ?

*Eliz.* The very same :

His tongue was first proclaimer of our name :

And trusty *Gage*, in token of our Grace,

We give to you a Captaine Pensioners place.

*How.* Madam, the Councell are neere at hand.

*Eliz.* We will discend and meet them.

*Karew.* Let's guard our Sovereigne, praising that power,  
That can throw downe, and raise within an houre.

*Exit omnes.*

*Enter the Clowne, and one more with Faggots.*

*Clow.* Come Neighbours, come away, every man his Faggot,  
And his double pot, for joy of the old Queens death,  
Let Bels ring, and children sing,  
For we may have cause to remember,  
The seventeenth day of *November*.

*Enter Lord of Tame.*

*Tame.* How now my Masters, what's here to doe ?

*Clow.* Faith making of Bonfires for joy of the new *Queene*.

Come sir, your penny, and if you be a true subject,

You'll battle with us your Faggot, we'll be merry yfaith.

*Tame.* And you doe well : but yet methinke twere fit

To spend some funerall tears upon her Herse,

Who while she liv'd was deare unto you all.

*Clow.* I, but doe you not know the old Proverbe,

We must live by the *Quicke*, and not by the dead.

*Tame.* Did you not love her father when he liv'd,

As dearely as ever you did love any,

And yet rejoyced at his Funerall ?

Likewise her Brother, you esteem'd him deare,

G

Yet



*If you know not mee*

Yet once departed, joyfully you sing :  
Ran to make Bonafiers, to proclaime your Love,  
Vnto the new, forgetting still the old.  
Now she is gone, what's he that mourns for her ?  
Were it not fit, first to lament the dead ?  
And then rejoyce the living ?  
Had you the wisest and the lovingst Prince  
That ever sway'd a Scepter in the world,  
This is the love he shall have after life.  
Let Princes while they live have love or feare, 'tis fit,  
For after death there's none continues it.

*Clow.* By my faith my Masters, and he speakes wisely.  
Come, we'll to the end of the Lane, and there we'll  
Make a bonafire, and be merry.

*1.* Faith agreed. Ile spend my kalfe-penny towards  
Another faggot, rather then the new *Queene*  
Shall want a Bone-fire.

*Exeunt Master Tame.*

*Tame.* I blame you not, nor doe you much commend,  
For you will still the strongest side defend.

*Exit.*

### *A Sennet.*

*Enter foure Trumpeters, after them Sargeant Trumpetter with a  
Mace, after him Purse-bearer, Suffex with the Crowne, Howard  
the Scepter, Constable with the Cap of maintenance, Shandoyse  
with the sword, Tame with the Collier and a George,  
foure Gentleman bearing the Canopy over the Queene, two Gen-  
tlemen bearing up her traine, sixe Gentlemen Pensioners; the  
Queene takes State.*

*Omn.* Long live, long raigne the Queene our Soveraigne.

*Eliz.* We thanke you all.

*Suff.* The imperiall Crowne I here present your Grace,  
With it my staffe of Office, and my place.

*Eliz.* Whilst we this Crowne, so long your place enjoy.

*How.*



*You know no body.*

*How.* Th'imperiall Scepter I present, with it, my love and service.

*Eliz.* Keepe it my Lord, and with it be you high Admirall.

*Const.* This Cap of maintenance I present,  
With all my best of service.

*Eliz.* Your love we know.

*Const.* Pardon me gracious Madam, 'twas not spleene,  
But that allegiance that I ow'd the Queene,  
Madam, I serv'd her truly at that day,  
And I as truly will your Grace obey.

*Eliz.* We doe as freely pardon as you truly serve,  
Only your staffe of Office we'll displace,  
In stead of that, we'll owe you greater grace.

*Enter Beningsfield.*

*Ben.* Long live the Queene, long live your Majesty,  
I have rid hard to be the first reporter  
Of these glad tydings; and all these here.

*Suff.* You are in your love as free as in your care,  
You're come even just a day after the faire.

*Eliz.* What's he, my jaylor?

*Ben.* Heaven preserve your Grace.

*Eliz.* Be not ashamed man looke me in the face,  
Where's your Commission now? whom have you now to patro-  
nize your strictnesse?

Well for your kindnesse this we will bestow,  
When we have one we would have hardly us'd,  
And cruelly dealt with, you shall be the man.  
This is a day for peace, not vengeance fit,  
All your good deeds we'l quit, your wrongs remit.  
Where we left off, proceed.

*Shand.* This Sword of justice on my bended knee,  
I to your Grace present: Heaven blesse your reigne.

*Eliz.* This Sword is ours, this staffe is yours againe.

*Tame.* This Garter with the order of the George,  
Two ornaments unto the Crowne of England,

Here present.

*Eliz.* Possesse them still my Lord. What offices beare you?

*Gage.* I Captaine of your Highnesse Pentioners.

*Brock.* I of your Guard.

*Serg.* I Sergeant Trumpeter present my Mace.

*Eliz.* Some we intend to raise, none to displace.

Lord *Hunsdon* we will one day finde a staffe  
To poysse your hand, you are our dearest Cousin,  
And deserve to be imployed neerer our person.  
But now to you from whom we take this staffe,  
Since Cardinall *Poole* is now deceast and dead,  
To shew all malice from our brest is worne,  
Before you let the Purse and Mace be borne.  
And now towards London Lords lead on the way,  
Praising that King to whom all Kings obey.

*Sennet about the stage in order.*

*The Major of London meets them.*

*Major.* I from this City London here present,  
This Purse and Bible to your Majesty,  
A thousand of your faithfull Citizens,  
In velvet Coats and Chaines, well mounted, stay  
To greet their Royall Soveraigne on the way.

*Eliz.* We thanke you all. But first this Booke I kisse.

Thou art the way to honour; thou to blisse. (*Pointing to the*

An English Bible, thanks my good Lord Major, *Crowne and*

You of our body, and our soule have care, *the Bible.*

This is the Jewell that we still love best,

This was our solace when we were distressed,

This booke that hath so long conceal'd it selfe,

So long shut up, so long hid; now Lords see,

We here unclaspe, from henceforth it is free:

Who looks for joy, let him this booke adore,

This is true food for rich men and for poore.

Who drinks of this, is certaine ne're to perish,

*You know no body.*

This will the soule with heavenly vertue cherish,  
Lay hand upon this Anchor, every soule,  
Your names shall be in an eternall scrowle;  
Who builds on this, dwels in a happy state,  
This is the fountaine cleere immaculate.  
That happy issue that shall us succeed,  
And in our populous Kingdome this booke reade,  
For them as for our selves we humbly pray,  
They may live long and blest. So, lead the way.

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### The Epilogue.

**T***He Princeſſe young Elizabeth, y<sup>e</sup> have ſeene,  
In her minority: and ſince a Queene:  
A Subject, and a Sovereigne: In the one,  
A pitied Lady: In the Regall Throne  
A potent Queene: it now in you doth reſt,  
To know, in which ſhe hath demean'd her beſt.*

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**FINIS.**

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